

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

Ballad

ADAPTED FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE

by

JOSEPH W. TURNER.

THIS SONG depicts the fate of a beautiful girl who was wooed by a young man who did not however suit the fancy of her parents. The lover brought her to leave her Father's dwelling and unite with him in marriage. After being wedded about a year, he became a disappointed wretch and she was driven by poverty and cold, back to the home of her childhood. But her father, pitying her misfortune, she purchased back the cottage door.

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MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

JOSEPH W. TURNER.

GRAVE. *mf* *cres:* *dim:*

One night when the wind it blew cold, Blew bit-ter across the wild moor; Young

Ma-ry she came with her child, Wand'ring home to her own father's door; Crying

father, O pray let me in, Take pi-ty on me I im-plore, Or the

child at my bosom will die, From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor. *gr.a.*
mf

2d. Verse.
O,
cres: *dim:*

why did I leave this fair cot, Where once I was happy and free; Doom'd to
p

roam without friends or a home. O, fa-ther, take pi-ty on me. But her

father was deaf to her cries, Not a voice or a sound reach'd the door; But the

watch-dogs did bark, and the winds Blew bit-ter across the wild moor. *gra...*
mf

4th Verse. The

3^d Verse. O ,

cres: *dim:*

fa-ther in grief pined a-way, The child to the grave was soon borne; And
how must her father have felt, When he came to the door in the morn; There he

no one lives there to this day, For the cot-tage to ru-in has gone. The
found Mary dead, and the child Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms. While in

vil-lagers point out the spot Where a willow droops over the door; Saying,
frenzy he tore his gray hairs, As on Ma-ry he gazed at the door; For that

there Ma-ry perished and died, From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor.
night she had perished and died, From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor. *tra*
mf

cres: *dim:*

